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200	Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	15	7	49	Der Two Surprises	1	1
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CUPID'S CAPERS.

A FARCE-COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS,

—BY—

BERT RICHARDS.

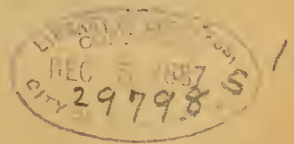
*Author of "Fooling With The Wrong Man;" "The Colored
Senators, Etc."*

—X—

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

1887

CUPID'S CAPERS.

CHARACTERS.

Charles Duffer,.....	A lawyer.
Jim Duffer.....	His son.
Karl Grocer.....	You vas bet your life on dot.
Rastus.....	Colored servant.
Mrs. Dusenberry.....	A giddy widow.
Nan.....	Her angel child.
Katrina Stein.....	Servant.
Mrs. McGinnis.....	of the "McGinnis Hotel."

—x—
COSTUMES—MODERN.

—x—
LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Table, desk, sofa, chairs, mirror, books, doll, candy, gum, money, letter, bell, bottles, rope, valise, revolvers, bed clothes, candles, will, ring, tin pan, potatoes, knife, meat ax, gun, string, fire cracker, clay pipe, rats, bugs, mosquitoes and numbers for doors.

SCENES.

ACT I.

- Scene 1—Interior, third grooves.
- Scene 2—Street, first grooves.
- Scene 3—Interior, third grooves.
- Scene 4—Street, first grooves.
- Scene 5—Interior, third grooves.
- Scene 6—Street, first grooves.

ACT II.

- Scene 1—Interior, third grooves.
- Scene 2—Street, first grooves.
- Scene 3—Interior, third grooves.

ACT III.

- Scene 1—Interior, second grooves.
- Scene 2—Interior, first grooves.
- Scene 3—Interior, third grooves.
- Scene 4—Street, first grooves.
- Scene 5—Interior, third grooves.
- Scene 6—Street, first grooves.
- Scene 7—Interior, third grooves.

—x—
STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

* * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

TMP96-007149

CUPID'S CAPERS.

ACT. I.

SCENE I—Drawing room in third grooves. Sofa L. 2—MRS. D. reading at table R.—Mirror R. C.—Knock L.—Enter KATRINA L. 3 E.

Katrina. Was it you who haf ring for me, Mrs. Dusenberry?

Mrs. D. Yes, Katrina, I wanted to tell you that you might take that half holiday this afternoon, that you were asking for only—

Katrina. Oh, tank you, ma'am. I vas so happy now as never vas. Now I can go down und see fadder Stein und all der leedle Steins. I vas so tickled I vas laugh all over mit myself.

Mrs. D. Never mind about your father and the young ones, but wait until I have finished talking. What I was about to say is that you may have the half holiday, but I want you to take Nan along with you, as I am expecting callers this afternoon and the dear sweet thing would be so much embarrassed among strangers, as she is so very timid. You may go now.

Katrina. All right. I vas go right away queek. (*aside*) I vas haf a nice dimes mit all dot leedle kid along. (*exit* L. 3 E.

Mrs. D. There is no use in talking, Mr. Duffer has been coming long enough to have made up his mind, one way or the other, and I will not have him fooling around any longer unless he means business. If I don't bring him to the point this time then my name isn't Arabella Dusenberry, wife of the late Ichabod Dusenberry, J. P. If old Duffer only had the snap about him that my dear lamented Ichabod used to have, he could have married half a dozen times before this.

Goes to mirror, R. C. NAN enters, L. 1 E., holding doll by one leg. MRS. DUSENBERRY strikes position in front of mirror and NAN imitates her.

Nan. (*aside*) Ain't she a corker! (*business with doll*

Mrs. D. Well, this is what I call remarkably well preserved after fifty years of the up's and down's of this life, and I must remark that—

Nan. (*goes up stage*) Say, ma! you're all fixed up, ain't you? Say, who's coming? Is Chawley coming? Oh-oo-o *is he, ma?*

Mrs. D. Why, Nannie, I'm really surprised at you. You must not speak of Mr. Duffer in that manner.

Nan. Well, he said I might call him "Chawley," and I'm goin' to call him "Chawley," so I be.

Mrs. D. But why haven't you gone with Katrina? I supposed that you were off before this time.

Nan. Oh, ma! I ain't going with her down to see those old Stein young 'uns. They—*are—too—slow*, and I ain't stuck on 'em, so I ain't! (*turns up nose*) Chawley is coming and he always brings chestnuts and black jack, and I'm going to stay here, so I be.

Mrs. D. But my dear child, you really cannot stay here because, you know, Mr. Duffer doesn't like little girls; besides, I would much rather be left alone this afternoon, as I fear I am going to have a severe headache. (*gives NAN money*) Here is a dollar, darling, and you may buy all the chestnuts and gum that you wish. (*kisses her*) That's a sweet child. Go now, dear.

Nan. (*wipes kiss off with apron. Aside*) Gee whiz, but she's awfully liberal with her cash to-day. (*looks at Mrs. D. and goes L.—aside*) Gee, but ain't it a paralyzer? (*exit L. 1 E.*)

Mrs. D. (*sitting*) Nannie is a perfect angel of a child, and I'm sure that Mr. Duffer cannot help thinking the world of her after he gets to know her a little better. Lucky it is for me that Mollie has succeeded in getting married at last to that Jack Fredson, because if Mr. Duffer had ever found his son Jim here courting one of my daughters the chances are that he would have been frightened away never to return. It really does seem very strange though that—

NAN enters C. D. hurriedly, and puts arms around MRS. DUSENBERRY'S neck. MRS. DUSENBERRY'S hair falls down and NAN picks up wig and puts it on. MRS. DUSENBERRY screams.

Nan. Oh, ma! Chawley came just now and Katrina ran against him and bumped her nose and it bleeds and I guess she can't go, and Chawley fell down and tore his pants and he can't come in.

Stands on back of chair; MRS. DUSENBERRY rises and the chair falls over with NAN.

Mrs. D. Why, you crazy child, do you know what you've done? (*tries to fix hair*)

Nan. But I gave him a pair of pa's old pants to put on and he will be in in a minute. Now you ain't mad, are you, ma?

Tickles MRS. D. under chin; MRS. D. slaps her and she goes under table.

Mrs. D. Why you horrid child! Mr. Duffer coming in here and my hair looking like this? Tell him I will be down in a minute. (*exit hurriedly, L. 3 E.*)

Nan. (*coming from under table*) Don't git excited, ma! Well, I declare! things is gittin' a little mixed, ain't they? Guess I'll go and find Chawley. (*exit R. 1 E.*)

MRS. D. enters L. 3 B. cautiously, gets wig from chair, and exit L. 3 E., hurriedly. MR. D. and NAN enter R. 1 E., arm in arm.

Nan. Oh, my! Chawley, it was just awful! I just came in to tell her that you'd come and I hugged her and her hair all came down and she couldn't stay and she had to go and she said I might stay with you until she came back and she said she'd be back pretty soon and— (*stops to take breath*)

Mr. D. (*heaves sigh of relief*) Guess I won't wait,

Goes R. 1 E. NAN pulls him back by coat tails, and gets candy and gum out of pockets.

Nan. Now don't git uneasy cause ma'll be down in a minute and said you was to wait. Why, she used to be longer than this lots of times when old "Deacon Brown" used to come here. Say, ain't you awful glad I'm here to entertain you? Why, you wouldn't know where to sit, nor nothing. Now, there's that chair over there is all busted. Mollie and her feller sat down on it and broke it and we don't use it no more, but ma just keeps it in here 'cause it matches with the sofa. I'll bet 'twould a bin just like you to flop yourself right down onto it and knock the very last leg out. Say! s'pose you try it! I won't tell. Oh, you're afraid to—you're afraid. Well, here's a picture book, then; if you're sure your hands are clean. (*takes album from table*) Ma allers tells me that, 'cause the album gets daubed sometimes. (*DUFFER sleeps*) There, this is her picture. You know it's her, don't you? It's like her; but she ain't half as good looking, of course! This is *me*. Now ain't that a daisy? It's the best in the whole album; but say! you'd never thought I was ever little as that, now would you? (*puts book down; puts gum in mouth and sighs*) Say, Chawley, it's awful wearisome tryin' to entertain big folks, ain't it? Well, there, I declare, I forgot to take your hat. (*takes hat off of Mr. D.'s head and finds him asleep; puts hat on table and wakes him*) Say, Chawley, does big folks allers go to sleep when they is visitin'? (*sits on Mr. D.'s knee*) Have you got real awful good teeth?

Mr. D. No.

Nan. Then I guess I'll leave my gum on the back of your chair 'till I come back. (*sticks gum on back of chair*) I've got to go now 'cause ma 'll be down in a minute and she's liable to think I'm gettin' too giddy; but I ain't, am I? I'd kind 'o like to stay, though, and see if she rushes up to you and kisses you just like she used to kiss old man Brown. Tra-la-lee!

(*exit N.*)

Mr. D. Thank heaven!

(*swoons and falls from chair—change to scene second*)

SCENE II--Street in first grooves. RASTUS enters L.

Rastus. (*stopping suddenly*) Well, I clar to goodness if I ain't done forgot sumfin'. Mas'r Jim done sent me down hyar jes' on purpose to go to de post office an' dis chille hab don gone an' forgot all about it. Go-h, but I's tire!! I's workin too hard for a common ordinary cullud man. But say! I ain't no nigger and if you'll agree not to give it away I'll tell you all about it. Well, you see, me and some more of de boys was down practicing for a minstrel show last week and Wink Ellis he done stole all de water so we couldn't wash; dat's a fac, but of course, you don't have ter believe it. Well, I's office boy fer ole massa Duffer and massa Jim—dat's his son—and I wouldn't be white man again fer thousand dollars—no indeed! Well, I mus' hustle back to de post office an' git de mail fer massa Jim. I's glad dat I's got ter work pretty hard any how, coz when a man ain't got nuffin' to do he's allers a gittin' into trouble some way or other. Adam and Eve had a soft snap when dey was in paradise, but dey couldn't hold de job down

coz dere wasn't nuf ter do; you see if dey had done been busy a pickin' cotton or suffin' like dat dey wouldn't a had no time to fool away stealin' apples and a monkeying wid de snake. I think I kin reach dat post office in about free steps. (*exit R., taking long strides*)

SCENE III—Law office of DUFFER & SON, second grooves.—Bell and books on table, R. V. E.; desk and chairs.—JIM seated with feet on desk examining letter.

Jim. Well, I must at least "give the devil his due." Jack has certainly sustained, in a most admirable manner, the reputation which he gained at college, of always taking the lead in "catching on" to every bit of interesting information; but when I wrote him of my contemplated marriage with Mollie Dusenberry, which I explained was to be an affair of both love and policy, little did I think of receiving such a reply as this. (*reads*) "Dear old Jim; You will, perhaps, be somewhat surprised to learn that when your very welcome letter of the 9th, came to hand that it found me in the act of writing you upon the very same subject. The coincidence can be accounted for, however, in this way. I learned, some time since, that you were stricken by the fair "Mollie," and fearing from what I knew of your financial condition that you might be influenced, to a certain degree, by the reputed wealth of her mother, the widow Dusenberry, I was about giving you a few "pointers" about her affairs. The difficulty is just this: Ever since the squire's demise they have been searching in vain for the will which he is supposed to have made, and in case the will is not found shortly, the bulk of the fortune will go to that scape-grace of a son, by a former marriage, Clarence Dusenberry, alias "Two Aces," the gambler and thief, and the family will be left almost penniless. You will readily see from this that your future prospects are not apt to be brightened perceptibly, by such an alliance. Begging you to excuse the presumption on my part in offering you this advice, I remain as ever, your friend, Jack."

P. S. I forgot to mention the fact that Miss Mollie and I were married on the 8th, so you will readily "tumble" to the source of my information; but don't grieve, Jim, Nan is left yet. *J.*"

He can have her and welcome, curse him! I shall now do all in my power to find that will for Mrs. Dusenberry—only if luckily I should discover it, Jack may rest assured that it will not benefit him in the least, for if it ever gets into my hands it shall certainly be destroyed. (*rings*) I will go down immediately and offer my services to the dear widow. Confound my luck anyhow! I never suspected there was the least danger of Mollie's playing me false, but it seems she has, and "there's no use crying over spilled milk."

Enter RASTUS R. I E.

Rastus. Did yer ring dat ar' bell for me, massa Jim?

Jim. Yes, Rastus, I am going out for a short time and want you to remain here in the office until I return or until the Governor gets back. Do you understand?

Rastus. Yes, massa Jim, Rastus unerstan' all 'bout it. (*aside*) Gosh, but won't dis hyar nigger hab a daisy tim' all alone in dis office. Whew! but P's gwain ter hev a circus. (*dances a few steps*)

Jim. If any of our clients should happen to call, you may request them to wait, and inform them that one of us will be in shortly.

Rastus. K'reet, massa Jim. (*exit JIM R. 2 E.*) Gosh, but ain't dis hyar jes' elegant? Dis hyar nigger am done gwan ter be a lawyer hisself, jes' same as white folks, fer a little while. (*takes book from table and sits with feet on desk*) Fotch in de suckers now, an dis nigger 'll skin 'em to perfection, jes' same as inassa Jim or de Guv'nor. (*reads*) "Where a hereditament, (Gosh, but dat word am most a corker) consists entirely of an estate entailed, the principle involved differs, somewhat, from the one previously mentioned." (*scratches head and reflects*) Yes, I's convinced dat am a fae'. (*reads from cover*) "Blackstone's Commentaries."—I guess dat am not jes' de look dat dis hyar ehile wuz a lookin' for. (*rises and puts book away*) Gosh, but dis hyar brain work am tough; it am berry much worse dan pickin' cotton or hoeln' corn. (*takes bottle and glass from table, looks at glass and puts it down and drinks from bottle*) Guess I better take a lay off an go out in de fresh air fer awhile. Gosh, but I's tired! (*exit R. 2 E.*)

SCENE IV—*Street in first grooves. KATRINA enters L. with bandage on her nose.*

Katrina. Vell, I vas got away after all without bringing dot leedle gals along mit me. I dinks dot if fodder vas ever haf von leedle gals so bad like dot, he vas make dem oup into bologna sausage, or do somedings like dot. Say, I youst dinks I vas know der oldt lady vas like to haf me dake dose leedle kid along mit me. I dinks dot she vas going to *canary* mit dot old *Duffer* und she vas afraid of being disturbed. Vell, they vas got married for all I care. I vas got married myself somedimes, when my Karl Grocer come back. He vas my fellers, but I haf not seen him for a long times already. Maybe he vas got struck after some oler leedle "Deitcher gals." I guess I vas go down by der boist office ouet und see if my Karl haf write me a letter already by dis time. (*exit R.*)

SCENE V—*Same as scene first. MRS. D. and DUFFER on sofa. DUFFER's head is bound up and MRS. D. is bathing it with camphor.*

Mrs. D. It is really terrible to think of your having lain here all this time in a swoon and no one near to help you; but I thought surely that you had gone. Nannie came and reported that you were in in a hurry and couldn't wait for me to come down.

NAN enters R. U. E., and stays up stage.

Mrs. D. Does the camphor make your head feel any better, "dovie?"

Nan. (*aside*) Yes, dolling, I feel much bettah now.

Mr. D. Yes, my dear, a considerable better, but there is such a violent ringing in my left ear.

Nan. (*aside*) Poor thing!

Mrs. D. Don't you think you had better lay your ear over on my shoulder, sweetest? (*puts DUFFER's head on her shoulder*) There, isn't that much nicer, love?

Nan. (*aside*) Oh, rats, ma!

Enter JIM, R. V. E., and stands in front of NAN. DUFFER spreads handkerchief in front of Mrs. D. and kneels. JIM swoons and falls into NAN's arms. NAN screams. MRS. D. and DUFFER run of L. NAN helps JIM to sofa and gets camphor bottle.

Nan. Ma's got Chawley pretty solid, ain't she? (*JIM groans*) Guess he ain't had enough camphor yet. (*pours camphor on JIM's head*) Say, this is just like them, ain't it, Jim? You ain't afraid though, are you? (*gets candy from JIM's pocket*) Say, do you think I'm too fresh?

Jim. Oh, no! quite the opposite. (*aside*) I wonder when it escaped.

Nan. Didn't you feel awful when Mollie got married to that other feller? You was clean gone on her, wasn't you, Jim? (*lays head on JIM's shoulder*) I kinder like you some myself. (*takes gum out of mouth and offers JIM part*) Don't you want half of my gum?

Jim. Thanks, awfully, but I'm suffering from a violent fit of the toothache.

Nan. (*rubs camphor on JIM's face*) There, don't that make it feel better? You can chew gum now pretty soon, can't you?

Jim. (*rising*) Excuse me, but I came to see your mother on very important business. Will you please send the old lady in for a few minutes?

Nan. No. I don't believe she'd come now 'cause she's got 'portant business with your pa, an' I don't think they 'll git through very soon either, but you can go out where they are. Ma won't care. Oh, say! do you know that your pa and my ma are going to git married, and then me and you 'll be relation and we can have just dead loads of fun. Don't you think I'm kinder nice anyhow, and ain't you stuck on having me for a relation?

Jim. (*aside*) She would be quite a valuable addition to the family. (*aloud*) Let us go and see *ma* and then we can talk over other matters later.

Nan. All right, then, come on. I'll show you the way.

(*they exit L., NAN leading JIM by the hand*)

SCENE VI—*Street in first grooves. Sign L. of "Jail."* Enter KARL R., looks at sign and laughs.

Karl. I vas in dere but I haf come ouet. (*pause*) Vell, uf you don't bolief I haf come ouet, I vas go pack und I come ouet again. Yes, indeed! You see I vas youst going down der street youst like dot; see? (*crosses L.*) und I vas see von leedle ilster ofercoit or somedings like dot, und I youst take hold of him like dot, see, und I git a crimp in my hand und don'd could let go of der iister, see? Vell, I youst got down by Yawcup Einstein's ouet und der bolice he come along git a crimp on me und he couldn't let go. Yes, indeet! Vell, I git thirty days. (*pause*) Vell, I deet! Shim-

inetta, but my heart vas all broke up in little pieces, yes, indeed! You see pefore I vas rustigating in der pie house, here, (*points to jail*) I vas pooty sleek on der turf; yes, I vas quite *stop* und I vas haf more as fifteen gals already by dis time. (*pause*) Vell, I deet! Yes, I vas down to see von of my gals youst now, und she gif me der shake or der colt shoulder, or somedings like dot. She lives mit her fodder und mudder on der hoop-skirts of der town ouet und ven I game oup she vas ouet on der veran la und she says, "Hello, Gettsmyer." You see dot vas my maiden name pefore I vas effer married, und she always calls me Gettsmyer. Vell, I say, "Hello, Katie," youst kinder good natured, like dot, see? und den I say, "where your fodder vas, Katie?" You see I always like to ask about der olt mans because—because—vell, because I nefer like to take der olt maus py surprise. Vell, she say, "Gettsmyer, my fodder vas ouet," und I say, "dot vas goot, but where your mudder vas?" You see der olt lady, her mudder, vas older as she is—(*pause*) yes, Katie vas der youngest. Vell she say, "my mudder vas ouet also." "Dot's goot," I say, "your fodder ouet und your mudder ouet, now we vas go in und sit down py der fire;" but she stiek oup her nose youst like dot, see, und she say, "I peg your parding, Get'smyer, but der fire vas ouet also." Vell, I coom right away queek ouet of dot, und I vas sure my heart vas all busted, but when I vas go to der docter to haf him oxamine, I find it vas only my expenders vas broke. But I haf anudder gals und she vas youst der peest gals in der whole peesiness; yes, indeed! und her name Katrina Stein, und I vas going down to see her right away queek ouet. (*crosses r.*) So help me gracious, but here gooms Katrina now! By der great horned spoon, but I must look pooty sweet now. (*fires tie and hat and smiles. KATRINA enters L.*) Vy, Katrina, how you vas?

Katrina. None of your peesiness, Karl. You don't like me any more und I vas hear dot you haf lots of more gals und I dinks dot vas so, for you haf not been to see me for efer und efer so long. Fodder haf heard you vas a bad mans, too, und he won't let you come any more.

Karl. (*showing fist*) See dot? Dot would feex der olt mans.

Katrina. What! You wouldn't hit my fodder und knock him down, would you?

Karl. Vell, uf I hit him und don't knock him down, you can youst bet dot I oxamine und see vat telegraph pole he vas tied to.

Katrina. Vell, I haf got anuder fellows und he vas cut you ouet, und uf you don't like dot I suppose you know vat you can do.

Karl. Yes, I can snook onetside, but I no snook uf I know myself, und I tink I do. Oh, I vas too *stop*! (*crosses*)

Katrina. You better go, cause I don't like you any more.

Karl. (*kneeling*) Oh, Katrina! I luff you!

Katrina. I don't care. I don't want anything more to do with you.

Karl. (*goes r., aside*) Some feller haf ben giving her tiffy. (*aloud*) Dot's goot! You may go mit dem oder rooster. I'm my own chickin now. (*pulls hat over eyes and goes L.*) I go mit Keety Boompfernickle now py der nic-pic ouet und buy her lots of tings. I dinks we vas go all py ourselves ouet und got married a leedle next Thursday.

Katrina. (*puts arms around KARL'S neck and tickles him under chin*) Oh, Karl, I don't vas mad mit you! I vas youst make a leedle foolishness, dot's all. I don't vas care for no uder mans but you, Karl. Now you vas like me a leedle, don't it, Karl?

Karl. Und don't you vas go mit dem uder roosters ouet any more somedimes already?

Katrina. No, Kari, I don't vas luff nobodys but you.

Karl. Oh, dot vas bully! dot vas nice! Now we vas go down und congratulate der olt mans.

Katrina. What for, Karl?

Karl. Pecause he vas git a nice son of a law. *Dot's me!*

Katrina. Come on, then.

(*they exit L., KARL goes last and tries to tickle himself under chin*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I—*Drawing room at MRS. D.'s, same as before. JIM seated L. C. MRS. D. enters R. 2 E. JIM rises.*

Mrs. D. I am informed, sir, that you wish to see me upon a matter of business, but all me to say at the start that you will please be as brief as possible, as it is entirely owing to the friendship existing between your father and myself, that I have concluded to listen to you at all. Indeed, it would be serving you as you deserve if I were to call the servants and have you put out of my house after your so far forgetting yourself as to enter here in the way you did. It shows that you had very poor *bringing up*, to say the least.

Jim. (*aside*) My prospects don't seem to be very promising. (*aloud*) I am truly sorry, madam, that I have offended you, but really, nothing of the kind was intended, I can assure you, but being quite well acquainted here, and as I supposed, upon the best of terms with you, I fail to see that I made any great breach of etiquette by walking in unannounced, after having tried in vain for half an hour to summon some of the servants, who by the way, must be off to a pic-nic to-day, as I found it utterly impossible to ring any of them up.

Mrs. D. Well, it is true, come to think about it, that my servants have been given a half holiday, and so perhaps I have been too hasty in arriving at the conclusion I did, and will therefore, pardon you, provided however, that you promise me faithfully never to mention to any person what you may have seen here this afternoon. Do you promise?

Jim. With the greatest of pleasure and sincerity, but allow me to assure you that I never should have mentioned the matter even if you had not exacted the promise.

Mrs. D. You are very considerate indeed. Here is my hand in forgiveness. (*they shake*) And your business with me was—

Jim. Just this; having quite an amount of leisure time just now, business being dull at the office, and learning that your financial welfare depended largely upon a certain will which has been either lost or stolen, I came to offer my services in searching for it; and I

will add that the only compensation I desire will be gained in gratifying my desire to try a little detective work.

Mrs. D. Do you really mean this?

Jim. Most assuredly I do. Will you accept of my services?

Mrs. D. Only too gladly and believe me I am very grateful for your kind offer.

Jim. To begin with, then, you will please give me all the points that have developed thus far which may possibly prove of any value.

Mrs. D. I am afraid I cannot give you any information which will materially assist you. In fact, I do not even know positively that Mr. Dusenberry ever made a will, although it seems to me, after studying the matter over thoroughly, that he must certainly have intended to make one, even if he did not; and as his death was not a sudden occurrence, he probably did not neglect to do so. My reasons for thinking as I do are these. In the event of his not making a will the greater part of the fortune of which we all believe him to have been possessed, would of course, go to my step-son, Clarence Dusenberry, who has always been such a scapegrace that his father had driven him from home long before we were married and always led me to believe that he would disinherit him entirely. At Mr. Dusenberry's death, however, Clarence came here and remained for nearly a week and appeared to grieve very much over his father's death, I even had hopes that he would permanently reform and break off from all his bad associates and upon the strength of this I invited him to make this house his home, but he ended by leaving very mysteriously one night, and you may imagine our surprise next day at finding that Mr. Dusenberry's private desk in the library had been broken open and ransacked. Of course it was impossible for us to tell whether any of the papers were missing or not, but it is reasonable to suppose that such was the case. This, I believe, is all I can tell you about the matter.

Jim. But was there no record kept of the will?

Mrs. D. No. I had your father investigate the matter and he reports that he found no record of it, neither could he find the notary who drew up the document or the persons who were witnesses to it.

Jim. The prospect is certainly not very promising then, as it will be absolutely necessary to our success that we get the document itself into our hands and that is not going to be an easy thing to do. Probably the only feasible plan that still remains is to proceed upon the supposition that Clarence stole the will and has not yet destroyed it. If he still has the paper in his possession I think that by resorting to a little strategy, we can recover it; and even if he has destroyed it it might be possible to frighten him into confessing the theft, which would answer about as well.

Mrs. D. But what course would you follow to accomplish this?

Jim. I hardly know. Perhaps it would be best to procure the services of some person who can ingratiate himself into the good will and confidence of Clarence, and through this person we can perhaps recover the paper or at least satisfy ourselves as to whether he has really stolen it or not.

NAN enters L. 3 E. cautiously and sits on sofa.

Mrs. D. Yes, that does seem to be about the only course now left

open, but the chances for success do not look to be very encouraging.

Nan. (aside) Guess ma ain't so mad as she was.

Jim. True, but still I believe the plan is worth trying.

Enter KATRINA R. D.

Katrina. There vas a mans onet here wants to see you on peesiness.

Mrs. D. Who is he? Have you his card?

Katrina. No. He don't vas haf any keards, but I vas know dot fellers youst der same.

Mrs. D. Well, who is he then?

Katrina. It vas "Two Aees," dot gimblor mans who vas here before.

Mrs. D. Let the gentleman wait a few moments, please. Tell him I will be down directly.

Katrina. I haf somedings to tell you pesides dot.

Mrs. D. Well, what is it; but be quick about it.

Katrina. You vas haf to git anuder gals cause mein Karl Grocer he haf come pack, und we go py ourselves onet und got married already after a leedle vile.

Jim. (aside) Seems to be getting contagious around here!

Mrs. D. Never mind about your getting married, Katrina, but go down and request the gentleman to wait, as I told you.

(exit KATRINA, R. D.)

Jim. (glancing around room) Is there a side room where I can secrete myself? I don't think it would be best for us to let Clarence see me here as he might suspect something.

Mrs. D. Don't be alarmed! I will receive him in another room and try to prevent his seeing you.

Jim. But in case he should see me, what excuse would you offer for my presence here?

Mrs. D. Say that you were engaged to one of my daughters.

Jim. Yes, but Mollie is married now.

Nan. What's the matter with me?

Mrs. D. (surprised) Why, Nannie, how in the world did you get in here?

Nan. Oh, I jes' waltzed in. (to JIM) How about me, Jim!

Jim. Well, you're quite small, but I guess you'll answer.

Nan. You've got to give me a diamond ring then, 'cause I ain't a going to be engaged unless I get a ring.

Jim. (takes off ring and gives her) Here, take this then, but remember to return it when the engagement is broken. (aside) This is the fifth time that ring has been used for the same purpose.

Mrs. D. Excuse me for a short time, please, and I will see what that fellow wants. (exit R. D.)

Nan. Oh, Jim! we are really and truly engaged, ain't we?

Jim. (sighs) I'm afraid we are. (sits at table)

Nan. (examines ring) Say, Jim, ain't this the same diamond ring that you gave to Mollie?

Jim. No. This is not the same one, but of course, it is somewhat like it. All diamond rings are alike, that is, they sparkle just the same. (aside) This one has got it's sparkle in soak.

Nan. Say, Jim, if we are engaged don't you think we ought to act kinder—well—kinder like engaged folks?

Jim. Excuse me, but I've never had much experience in that line. (*aside*) I never told a lie in my life!

Nan. Come over here then an' I'll try and teach you. (*pause*) James Henry Duffer, is you don't come over here on this sofa this very minute, I'll break the engagement right now, so I will! and I won't speak to you never any more, so I won't!

Jim. (*sits on other end of sofa*) How is this?

Nan. Well, that's better, but that end of the sofa ain't very strong.

Jim. I guess it will hold me all right.

Nan. Well, maybe that is the stoutest end after all.

(*goes close to JIM*)

Jim. (*aside*) I'm in for it now!

Nan. Oh, this ain't much like engaged folks! You ought to squeeze my hand a little. (*JIM squeezes hand and NAN jumps up and screams*) You horrid mean thing, you! You must not squeeze so hard like that! You don't know how to *canary* a little bit. Here, something like this! (*shows him how*) Now try it again. There! That's better! I guess you'll learn.

Jim. (*aside*) Don't see how I can help learning. (*aloud*) Be careful of that ring, please. (*aside*) I've got to use it on another girl to-morrow.

Nan. I guess you can kinder put your arm around me now, but be very careful at first until I git used to it.

Jim. (*puts arm around her*) How is that?

Nan. Oh, this is just lovely! (*lays head on JIM's shoulder*) I've a notion not to break the engagement at all.

Jim. (*aside*) It 'll go hard with me if I don't get that ring back.

Nan. This is much nicer than huggin' big girls, aint it? 'cause it don't tire your arm so much.

Mrs. D. enters R. D. JIM goes to chair across stage, and NAN hugs the air.

Mrs. D. (*calls JIM aside*) It is really Clarence who has called, and what surprises me is that he denies having stolen the will, but admits having broken into the desk with that purpose in view, but did not meet with success in the search. He seems very repentant just now, but of course I know him too well now to put any confidence in him; but I wished to speak to you particularly about a stroke of diplomacy that I have just made in connection with the affair. It is just this. I appeared to believe him sincere in all he said, and invited him to remain here with us for a few days and he has really accepted the invitation. This will give you a capital opportunity for searching his rooms without his being any the wiser for it. Luck has evidently turned in our favor, and now let us hope that you may succeed in finding those precious papers.

Jim. This really is good luck, in fact it is almost too good to believe; but I'm afraid it will be rather difficult to gain admission to his rooms. But hold! I have it! If you can only get him to send a note to his landlady, informing her of the fact that he will be absent for several days, then I could send a man there to rent the same rooms. What do you think of this plan?

Mrs. D. It is a capital idea, and I think that by using a little caution there will be no difficulty in getting him to send the note.

Jim. And do you know of some trustworthy person whom we could send there? I think it would be best to have a confederate to guard against discovery and a consequent frustration of our plans.

Mrs. D. Happily there is a man here now who will answer the purpose, I think. Karl Grocer is his name and he is the German lad of whom Katrina was speaking. He is remarkably intelligent for a green Dutchman, and would be just the man, I think—but I will send him in and you can judge for yourself. *(exit R. D.)*

Nan. Wasn't you kinder skeered when ma came in? Oh, I know you was or you wouldn't have skipped as you did. I was a little rattled myself, but I don't hardly think I'd a let go anyhow. Guess I'll keep the ring a little while yet—you kinder want me to, now don't you, Jim? Oh, Jim, don't we get along together just boss though?

Jim. Yes I—I—guess we do.

Enter KARL, R. D.

Nan. What in the world is that, Jim?

Karl. Yas, dot vas me, Karl Grocer.

Jim. You are the man that Mrs. Dusenberry sent in, are you not?

Karl. Yas, you can youst bet your life dot I vas dose mans all der times already.

Jim. *(aside to KARL)* I can explain in a few words what I want of you. You are to go to a boarding house on Longworth street, kept by a widow by the name of McGinnis, No. 724 I believe is the place; you must take a strong rope with you—

Karl. Vat for?

Jim. I will explain that later on. You must engage board and lodging there for a week and contrive to secure room number eight; then after every one in the house is fast asleep, you must let the rope down from the window and pull me up.

Karl. Nixey! If you want ter sleep mit Karl Grocer you vas haf to get in early und coom oup der stairs, my friend.

Jim. But I don't want to sleep with you, I only want to see you.

Karl. Vell, you vas looking at me.

Jim. Oh, you don't understand! I want to call and see you on business during the night, and don't want the landlady to see me.

Karl. You must be owing her a leedle poard bills; und py der way, how vas I going to settle nit my poard bills?

Jim. *(giving money)* Here is money enough to pay your board for a week in advance and still have several dollars left, but you may keep the balance for your services and if you serve me well I shall give you more.

Karl. *(counts money)* 'Leven tollars und a pool check. Dot's pooty goot! I vas solid on der poard und lager beer for a leedle while. Say, I vas your mans!

Nan. Did you know that me and Jim was engaged?

Karl. Vat ish dot?

Nan. Oh, we're going to git married!

Karl. Ish dot so? Vell, I vas goin' to got married a leedle myself pooty soon. *(aside to JIM)* Did you vas kiss your gals yet?

Nan. No! He ain't got sand enough!

Karl. Sand? Vas ish dot?

Nan. Oh, he's too bashful!

Karl. I haf got sand.

Jim. Did you kiss your girl?

Karl. Yas, more as seefty times.

Nan. Oh, my! wasn't that just lovely!

Karl. Yas, but the faist time I kiss my gals, shinger und gees-wax! she come agin my lips so hard und sweet dot uf she'd offer a hit a ginger cake dot time it would a knocked all der molasses ouet uf it, but I can stand all of dot kind cause I haf had oxpérience, I haf been married pefore.

Jim. You are a widower then, are you?

Karl. Vell, I guess I vas somedings like dot.

Jim. (*aside*) These old "chestnuts" are getting rather thiek around here.

Karl. (*puts hand on NAN's head*) Yas, I haf been married und I haf got you leedle poys youst about like dot. He vas only four years olt. (*NAN goes up stage angry*) Last Thanstay vas his baeth-day, und as he vas four years olt I think all to myself, I will got him a baethday present. Vell, I vas go all around by der stores ouet und all I could find vas a leedle dog. You see it ain't every ding dot would be a nice present for poys like dot cause he vas only four years olt. Vell, I dakes der dog home und der leedle shafer he vas telighted und he clap his hands und he jumps oup und he laugh all over, und der little feller vas only four years olt; so I say, Willie! You see der poys name vas Willie. I say, "Willie, jest you dake der dog und snook ouetside und haf fun und make monkey-doodle peesiness mit der dog." He vas only four years olt, but he go ouet, youst der same. Vell, I vas sit myself down und read my paper ouet und pooty soon der poy pring der dog in der house und he say, "Pap! you play mit der dog und haf fun und make monkey-doodle peesiness." Vell, I was older as der poy vas—oh, yes, I vas der oldest! You see der leedle poy, he vas only four year olt. Vell, I dinks to myself, youst to please der poy, dot I make monkey-doodle peesiness, und so I say, "Willie, vat you vas haf me do?" Vell he say, "Pap, you git down on your hands und knees;" vell, der poy vas only four years olt und so I git down on my hands und knees und he say, "now, pap, you growl." Vell, I deet growl, und den he say, "Rats! catch 'em, Boze!" Vell, uf you don't tink dot dog seek me, den you vas mistooken! He vas grab me py der seat of my oxpenders und he drag me ouet doors und in der house, oup stairs, down der cellar und all around der whole peesiness, und all dot leedle son-of-a-gun do vas to clap his hands und say, "Stiek to him, pap, you'll be der makins of der pup!" Und dot leedle pill vas only four years olt!

KATRINA enters with broom, and as he finishes she runs him off L.

SCENE II—Street it first grooves. KARL runs in L., followed by KATRINA, and stops R. C., out of breath.

Karl. Oh, I vas all ouet of chewing tobiceo! I vas never run another step for all der gals in der whole peesiness; you can youst bet your life on dot!

Katrina. Vell, Karl, you can youst bet your life, too, dot I ain't goin' to haf you in dot place a makin' a fool of yourself any more, so I ain't! and you don't need to go around und tell everybody dot you vas married before und haf von leedle boys dot vas four years olt already, either.

Karl. Vell, uf you don't like dot, you know vat you can do?

Katrina. Yes, but I don't want eferybody to know dot you vas a widower und haf von leedle poys.

Karl. Oh, shiminy gracious! don't got oxcited about a leedle ting like dot. I tink you vas better be glad dot I haf got dot poys cause, you see, we vas haf a nice leedle family right avay queek already, as soon as we are married.

Katrina. I never thought about dot.

Karl. (*taking KATRINA by the arm*) Come on mit me und we vas go ouet und promenade in der chestnut grove und listen to der twitter of der canary birds, und feex everyting up all right.

(*they exeunt R.*)

SCENE III—MR. DUFFER'S office as before. RASTUS seated with feet on table.

Rastus. Gee whillakers! but I'se done got a big case on my hands now. An ole bum done come in hyar an' say his name am Two Aces, an' how as ole Massa Duffer done got a will hyar loungin' ter him, an' if I's a mind ter git um fer him he's gwan ter give me fo' dollars an' a half, an' if I don't he's gwan ter shot me. I done roped dat case in mighty sudden, I tole you. Cole day when dis nigger's gwan ter run any chances of gittin' shot like common white trash! (*noise heard L.*) Come in dar, or else shove your money under de door!

Enter MR. D., L. 2 E., very drunk—smashed hat in one hand and bottle in the other—sings and dances. RASTUS goes under table.

Rastus. Gosh, but de ole man hab done got um agin! Dis nigger ain't gwan ter take no chances doin' bizness wid him jes now.

DUFFER drinks from bottle, and sees RASTUS under table. Throws hat at RASTUS.

Mr. Duffer. Come out here, nigger, and take a drink! I'm-hic-engaged! I am! (*shouts*) Set 'em up in the other alley!

(*dances; RASTUS comes out cautiously and drinks*)

Rastus. Can't miss a chance like dis, even if I is skeered!

Mr. D. Shut up the-er office and take -er-hic-vacation for fo'-hic-years.

Rastus. I clar' to goodness, massa Duffer, whar you git dem pants?

Mr. D. (*looks at pants*) These-z-new pauts—hic—wedding pants—trifle too long-hic-let's go home and celebrate!

(*they exeunt C. D., arm in arm*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I—Kitchen in second grooves. MRS. MCGINNIS seated L. C., peeling potatoes. Knock heard R., and KARL enters with large valise.

Karl. Vas dees der McGinnis' hotels?

Mrs. McG. Yis, sor, this is the iligant palace, boarding and lodg-ing establishmint kept by the widdy McGinnis, that's meself. Did yez wish to be after stoppin' wid me?

Karl. Vell, dot depends! I vas pooty much bardicular all der dimes abouet vat kind of agomodations I vas going to haf already.

Mrs. McG. Sure an' the loikes of yoursilf had ought to be satisfied to shlope wid the pigs.

Karl. You vas mistooken in der person, my dear. I vas von of der pig guns. (aside) Yas, I shoot snipes!

Mrs. McG. Sure, an' I think we can be after suiting yez ony way.

Karl. Vell, to gomence mit, I always haf to sleep alone all py mineself peccause I haf got corns.

Mrs. McG. An yez can shlope alone if yez have a moind to.

Karl. Und I vas always haf to sleep in number eight youst to remind me to got oup at eight in der morning. (aside) Und ate oup all der brickfast.

Mrs. McG. Faith an I hev a mon in thot room this long toime.

Karl. (starts toward door) Vell, I vas go down py faist street ouet und poard mit der Junction Hotels all der vile.

Mrs. McG. Well, yez kin hev thot room if yez be only goin' to shlay a few days. The mon who occupyes thot room hev gone to a wake an' he 'll niver come back afore Saturday.

Karl. (coming back) Vas der clock in der room?

Mrs. McG. No, but I'll be after bringing wan oup fer yez if yez must hev it.

Karl. Don't you vas got excited abouet der clocks youst now right away. I don't vas want a clocks. In der hotels dot I vas stop in der last time, der vas a clocks vat teek so loud it keep all der beoples avake und all der vay I could sleep vas between der teeks. Yes, indeet! Vas der any bid bugs in dees hotels?

Mrs. McG. (angry) No, sor!

Karl. Any rats?

Mrs. McG. No, ye spalpeen, there is not?

Karl. Any mice?

Mrs. McG. No, sor!

Karl. Ober dere might be some skeeters all der vile?

Mrs. McG. No, sor! sure an' there be nothing of the koind in this house.

Karl. Vell, I guess I vas stop mit you a leedle vile und I vas like ter go to bed right away queek cause I vas go ouet to see my gals last night all der dimes, und I vas got pooty sleepy. (aside) Yas, I vas in jail last night!

Mrs. McG. Come on thin an' I will show you the way.

(they exit L. 2 E.)

SCENE II—Interior in first grooves with door R. and L. Card on L. D. showing number nine, and one on R. D. showing number eight. KARL enters L., with valise and candle and goes to R. D., but card turns down and shows number nine, and L. D. shows number eight. KARL goes R. and L., and numbers change ad lib.

Karl. (sits on valise, c.) Vell, I guess dot Karl Grocer must pe drunk again. Guess I vas see uf I can set my breath on fire. (holds candle up and blows it out) My breath vas too strong for der candles! (lights match on seat of pants) You see I vas built this way!
(rises and exits L. D.)

SCENE III—Interior in third grooves. Bed an floor up-stage C. Table and chair L. Candle on table. KARL discovered taking off shoes. Removes hat, coat, vest, etc., but remains undecided as to pants.

Karl. Vell, I guess I vas leave dose pants on cause der might pe a fire, und I vas like to got up queek. (takes revolver out of valise) I guess I vas better use dose disoliger for a pillow. (calls) Landlady! Landlady!

Mrs. McG. (R. 2 E.) An' phat do yez want now?

Karl. Vas der any rats here?

Mrs. McG. No.

Karl. Any bid bugs?

Mrs. McG. No.

Karl. Goot night!

Mrs. McG. Good night!

Karl. (takes off one sock) No, I guess not! It might run away!
(puts sock on foot) Ladylady! Landlady!

Mrs. McG. (without R. 2 E.) What 'll yez hev?

Karl. Vas der any skeeters here?

Mrs. McG. No, sor! Now go to sleep and don't bother me any more.

Karl. Goot night!

Mrs. McG. Good night!

Rat runs in, R. U. E. KARL shoots it and picks it up by the tail.

Karl. Oh, no! Der vas no rats here! (goes to bed) Vell, I vas dry und sleep a leedle, youst for instance! (calls) Landlady!

Mrs. McG. (R. 2 E.) Won't yez iver kape still? What do yez want?

Karl. Goot night!

Mrs. McG. Good night and plisint drames, but don't call me again or you'll wish yez hadn't.

Karl. Vas dot so?

Bed bugs come down the wall and KARL strikes at them with pillow and kills a few. Mosquitos come; KARL throws pillow at them, and they carry pillow up and away, KARL gets up and rats come in and run off with bed.

Karl. Vell, I don't vas care much abouet sleep any way. I dinks it vas abouet dimes to helup dot mans in der window.

Lets out rope and pulls up Mrs. McG., armed with a broom. She runs him off L. 2 E.

Mrs. McG. Goot night! goot night!

SCENE IV—Street in first grooves. KARL enters L., carrying shoes, coat, hat and valise.

Karl. Whew! but dot vas a glose calls! I nefer pulls in a fish line mit der fish on der wroing end of der line pefore. Dot feller Jim got a teekit for der stone yard sure, cause a bolice haf a dead sure erimp on him. Dot feller Jim say he vas after a wills or somedings like dot, und said I vas petter go down to der office und told der olt mans all abouet it, but I vas show um. I gits dose will myself right avay queek ouet, all by mineself. I must go down to der gline factory und get der landlady feexed oup faist. I vas broke der landlay all to pieces.

Exit R., dragging long rope with dummy tied to end, representing MRS. MCG. with broom.

SCENE V—DUFFER'S office as before. RASTUS discovered dancing C., and dressed as a dude, wearing same pants that DUFFER wore previously.

Rastus. Golly! but dis hyar nigger am lucky! Ole massa Duffer done got ter feelin' so gay dat he done went and bought cloze an' togged dis chile up in great shape. Oh, I'm a "dude from Arkansasaw!" (*dances*) Guess dese hyar pants done got pulled too soon, kase dey is a trifle coluptious in de legs. Wonder if de ole man don lef any terbacker in de poekets. (*puts hand in pocket and gets clay pipe*) Dat's purty slick! (*finds the lost will in another pocket. Scratches head thoughtfully, then sits at desk and examines it*) Whoop! I's don struck ile! (*jumps up*) I elar to goodness! if dis ain't de berry ting what dat "Two Aces" feller done tole me ter git fer him. Whoop! P'se gwan ter git dat four dollars and a half now! (*kisses will. KARL R. 2 E. unobserved*) Golly! but I's mose a millionaire now! (*sings*) I's a dude, dandy dude—

Karl. Vas dot so!

Rastus. What you doin' in hyar, white man? Go on away from hyar.

Karl. Don't got oxeited, my freend. Vas ish dose bapers you haf got dere?

Rastus. Dat am a letter I's done got ter keep fer a gemmen.

Karl. Who vas dose feller?

Rastus. He don tole me how as his name am "Two Aces."

Karl. Vell, you vas gif me dose bapers right away queek ouet.

Rastus. Look out dar, white man! I's don gittin' riled, I is, and when dis hyar nigger git mad, he's gwan ter hit somebody so

hard dey 'll spit ink. (*takes meat ax from desk and stands on the defensive*) I's got dis hyar paper an' I's gwan for ter keep um, too. Nothing am gwan ter git um but "Two Aces." You hear me?

Karl. (*draws revolver and RASTUS goes under table*) Vell, I vas a "Dutch Flush" all by mineself, und I dinks I git dose bapers.

Rastus. (*offering KARL the will*) Dat's good! (*aside*) He never touched me!

Karl. (*examines will*) I dinks dot I vas a pooty flop detectives. I tole you I vas got dose wills right away queek. Say, nigger, I vas der bolice, und I haf to arrest you right away.

Rastus. (*falls on knees*) Oh, massa policeman! dis yer chile am a berry good nigger! I's never don nuffin' in my life, sure I ain't.

Karl. Vat you vas do mit dose bapers all dere dimes, eh? Where you vas got dose bapers?

Rastus. I don find um in dis hyar bocket, *sure*.

Karl. Where you vas get dose bocket, eh?

Rastus. Massa Duffer don gib me dem pants, an' he don git um down ter ole Dusenberry's house. Sure's I's born dat am a fac'.

Karl. Vell, you vas go mit me, und we vas arrest der olt mans right away. Snook ouetside now.

Rastus. (*aside*) He ain't nuf Irish fer a policeman.

(*they exit R.*)

SCENE VI—*Street in first grooves. JIM enters L.*

Jim. I've had a hard time of it getting away from that policeman and the Irish landlady, but I finally succeeded and now I must hurry down to the widow's and see what has become of that crazy Dutchman, Karl Grocer. I declare, the fun I had seeing the Irish woman run him out with a broom, would almost repay me for being put in jail. (*exit R.*)

SCENE VII—*Room at Mrs. D's same as before. Candle on table, R. U. E. Mrs. D. is discovered arranging toilet at mirror. NAN enters L. 3 E. hurriedly, with doll.*

Nan. Oh, ma! there be two men out here and they've got guns and lots of awful things, and they've got Chawley and he's awful skeered, and they're goin' to shoot him and kill him, and he's goin' to die and he ain't goin' to live any more, and he can't come here any more and bring me candy and black jack and—say, ma, ain't you kinder skeered? I an. (*puts doll on table*) Say, ma! let's hide!

Mrs. D. Surely you must be mistaken, Nannie! This cannot be true. (*noise heard L. Mrs. D. goes L. and looks off*) They're bringin' him here a prisoner!

Nan. (*pulling Mrs. D. back*) You'd better stay back here or you'll git hurt.

Enter MR. D., followed by KARL and RASTUS who are armed with guns, meat axes, revolvers, etc. Mrs. D. breaks away from NAN and rushes toward MR. D., but KARL steps in front and she runs against him. NAN goes under table.

Mrs. D. Oh, my darling!

Karl. (*trying to embrace her*) Well, I don't care if I do, but what will Katrina say?

Mrs. D. (*goes to MR. D., R. C.*) What in the world does all this mean?

Mr. D. This is all some horrid mistake.

Karl. Shut oup dair or I vas preak oup dere whole peesiness mit you. (*to MRS. D.*) Dot mans vas der biggest robber vat efer live.

Mrs. D. No! I'm sure it cannot be so!

JIM enters L.

Jim. Why, what is all this excitement about?

Nan. (*coming from under table*) Guess I hain't skeered now quite so bad as I was, 'cause Jim's here now. (*goes to JIM*)

Jim. (*aside to KARL*) Well, Dutchey, we didn't succeed very well in our plans, did we?

Karl. If at first you don't succeed—suck eggs! I haf found dose wills all py mineself.

Mrs. D. But what has Mr. Duffer done?

Karl. He vas haf dose wills in his pants pockets all der dimes, and so I vas arrest him.

Rustus. Dat am a fac. Dat will wuz in dese pants, an' ole massa Duffer done gib um ter me hisself.

Nan. Why, ma, those are the same pants that I gave to Chawley when he tore his'n. They are a pair of pa's old pants.

Mrs. D. This explains the matter, then; but have you really got the will, Karl?

Karl. (*giving papers*) Dot vas der leedle documents.

Mrs. D. (*delighted*) Oh, Karl, I will embrace you now!

(*goes to embrace KARL*)

Karl. I vas go you one if I lose!

KATRINA enters R., and pulls KARL away. MRS. D. sighs and embraces DUFFER.

Nan. Guess I'd better be grabbin' on myself! (*puts arm around JIM*) Let's turn the lights down, ma!

Rustus. I's done got ter love sumfin'.

Takes doll from table and lights fire-cracker as he does so—embraces doll and it explodes—runs off R.

Karl. I dinks our friends here haf discovered by dis time dot, "love vas like der leedle bid bug"—it haf no wings at all but it vas git dair all der same. I dinks, too, dot when our freends haf got married as many dimes already as we haf, dey will cease to pe astonished at any of "Cupid's Capers."

PICTURE.

KARL AND KATRINA.

JIM.

C.

DUFFER.

NAN.

R. C.

L. C. MRS. D.

R.

L.

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